

THE CELTIC KNOT

They tell a tale Like a Celtic knot
 That twines amongst itself
They hail a king A druid begot
 Died and reborn an elf

They speak of a land Once buried deep
 Lost twixt the sundering seas
They sing of a horse The color of sleep
 Who ran like the quickene'd breeze

They tell of their lady Who swung icy blade
 Broken in battle by dark daemon gore
They hail a castle In a lowering glade
 Named, in the darke'ness lore

They speak of a spear Tipped by a star
 And a helm carrying wings of pure white
They chanted a jewel Flashing color afar
 That wove two souls in the night

The thread has been spun
The first ring tied
A love knot, bloody and red

And speak no more
Of the nightmare's store
Lest thy life come upon thy head

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